

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

APRIL • 1959



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Erickson

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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MANY WONDERFUL

WORLDS—*World of Health*

► April cover

Even bears give "right-of-way" to a small black and white striped skunk! The two young bear cubs and their mother pictured on our cover are shown keeping a respectful distance from the little traveler. Phoebe Erickson, whose specialty is animals, is the artist.

► Showers bring rainbows

Ellen E. Morrison's poem, reprinted below, describes a special kind of rainbow you, too, may have seen:

MY LITTLE RAINBOW

I know a little rainbow,
So special, just for me.
It's oh! so very tiny,
As wee as it can be.

I see it when I'm helpful;
It's my reward, I think.
For when I wash the dishes,
My rainbow's in the sink.

► Cheer for Minneapolis!

Comfort articles, crayons, mittens, knitted slippers, and toys are packed into "disaster cheer boxes" by JRCs in Minneapolis-Hennepin Co. chapter, Minnesota. When needed, the boxes are ready for distribution to children who are victims of disasters. The boxes are made from oatmeal and shoe boxes, which have been decorated in art classes.

► Albums are fun

Has your class had the fun of preparing an album to be sent to a school overseas? There is no better way to build a bridge of understanding between peoples than by introducing your class and your school to a group in another country through stories and pictures. ARC 1441 will tell your teacher about how to make albums. Your JRC chairman can get a copy for her.

► Important word overlooked

The JRCers busily packing valentine favors on page 3 of the February NEWS serve the Southern San Mateo County chapter in California. It said so on the back of the picture we received, and we apologize for the oversight.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor



Cedar Rapids Gazette photo

Health Begins With Know-How

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Nurse Faith McGovern of Marcy Hospital opens new world to JRCers. Here she explains use of hospital's emergency equipment to (clockwise) Richard Novak, Louis Presnak, Patrick Neal, John Wenke, Tom Fairlie, Fred Phillips, James Bartosh, Cleamor Vero, James Paddock, David Fiala. Time so spent helps children know hospital.

GOODY TEN SHOES

by MIRIAM WISE ANDREWS



Illustrated by Constance Lawson

How do you go about getting a red-you-know-what-with-you-know-what-kind-of-collar when the pennies are few? This story about Mr. and Mrs. Apple and their five rosy-cheeked little Apples shows that when there's a will, there's a way. . . .

MR. AND MRS. APPLE and their five children, Melissa, Peter, the twins Christopher and Christine, and the baby Jolly Joe, lived in a pleasant farmhouse on a hillside.

All day Mr. Apple worked in the fields. And all day Mrs. Apple cooked, swept, and sang songs.

The Apples were a very happy family—except for one thing. Mrs. Apple couldn't teach the children to hang up their clothes.

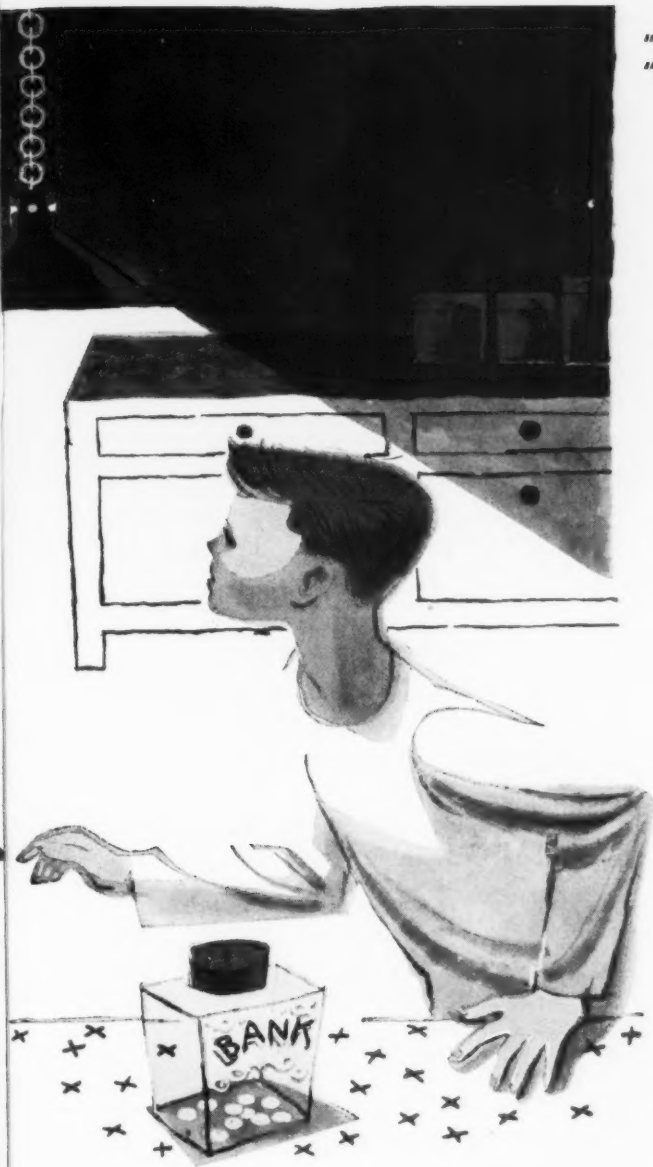
Every night she would sigh when she walked into the room where all five slept.

Peter's shoes scattered! Melissa's pinafore tossed! The twins' socks flung! Jolly Joe's straw hat in a corner with Apple Kitten asleep in it!

"Something must be done," said Mrs. Apple.

"Maybe we shouldn't give them their allowances," said Mr. Apple as he counted the

"Peter," said Mrs. Apple sternly,
"you have some explaining to do."



money he had brought home from the village where he sold eggs, tomatoes, and other good things from Apple Farm.

"That wouldn't be fair," said Mrs. Apple. "But I *do* have an idea . . ."

Next morning when the children appeared for breakfast, the usual heap of shiny pennies was at each one's place. For this was Allowance Day.

But what was that in the center of the

table? A big, square glass penny bank!

Melissa looked at her pennies, then at the bank, then at her parents. Melissa had sixteen pennies—one for each day of the week, plus one for each of her birthdays. Melissa was nine years old.

Seven-year-old Peter and the five-year-old twins looked at the big bank, too. (Jolly Joe was only three years old, so he looked at Apple Kitten instead.)

"It's a pretty vase," said Melissa. "Shall I pick some flowers?"

"A fine door-stop," said practical Peter. "Nice and heavy."

"A cake of ice to float in the lemonade," said Christopher.

"A bench for Jolly Joe," said Christine.

"No," said Jolly Joe.

"No," said Mr. Apple.

"No," said Mrs. Apple. "Children, this is a penny bank. Every time a shoe, or even a shoelace, is un-put-away, in goes an Allowance Penny."

"Seven days . . . seven shoes," said practical Peter. "I'd still have seven pennies left."

"Seriously, children," said Mrs. Apple. She never said "Seriously, children" unless she was unhappy. And since no Apple could be happy unless all the Apples were happy, the children all ran to her and kissed her.

"We'll put everything away," Melissa promised.

"Even the lint from our pockets," said the twins.

But Jolly Joe, who wore his straw hat all the time except when he was asleep, pointed inside it and said: "Kitty-bed."

The next few nights everything was in perfect order. Not a shoe, a shirt, or pinafore in sight.

The big glass bank stood lonely and empty on the kitchen table.

GOODY TEN SHOES

continued

NEXT ALLOWANCE DAY there was great excitement. The Apple children were up as early and as rosy as the sun, dressed in their best clothes. For this was the morning they were all going to town to help Mother Apple pick out a new dress!

"Good-morning, children," said Mr. Apple. But he didn't look up from the piece of paper he was writing numbers upon at the kitchen table.

"Good-morning, children," said Mrs. Apple. But she didn't look up from the oatmeal she was stirring.

"Children," said Mr. Apple. "I have some disappointing news. We cannot go to town today."

"But Mother's new dress!" said Melissa.

"A red one with a white collar," said Peter.

"A row of buttons down the front," said Christopher.

"A pocket with a daisy," said Christine.

"Straw hat," said Jolly Joe.

Suddenly Mrs. Apple began to laugh. She laughed until the tears came and she had to dry them with her apron.

"I don't want a new dress," she said. "I'd much rather go on a picnic. Wouldn't you, Mr. Apple?"

It was a lovely picnic. At the edge of the meadow all the Apples took off their shoes. The children left theirs lined up on an old log. Mother and Father Apple carried *theirs*. "Mr. Harrison might walk by," said Mrs. Apple. "I'd feel more dignified talking to him with my shoes on." Mr. Harrison was the school teacher.

They all swam in the brook pool under the big pin oak. Christine gathered water-cress for salad. Jolly Joe picked twenty-two dandelions and dropped them into his hat. "Kitty-pillow," he said.

"This is much better than the crowded old town," said Melissa.

"The country's always nicer," said Peter. "Trouble is. . . ." He pushed an ant-hill with his big toe. "You can't buy a red-you-know-what-with-you-know-what-kind-of-collar in the middle of a field."

NEXT MORNING there were ten shiny pennies in the penny bank.

"SOMEONE must have left a lot of clothes un-put-away," said Mother Apple next morning, holding the big glass bank up to the window.

The Apple children went on eating their oatmeal. Nobody said a word.

"Strange thing," said Mrs. Apple, after the children had gone outside. "I looked into their room last night. Not a thing was out of place."

"Nothing?" asked Mr. Apple.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Apple, pausing with an empty cereal dish in each hand. "Except the dandelions. I guess Apple Kitten didn't like her pillow. . . ."

"The dandelions were scattered. That's it!" said Mr. Apple.

Next night not even a dandelion could be found in the children's room. Yet the following morning there were ten more shiny pennies in the bank.

"Tonight," said Father Apple, "we'll find out what this is all about!"

After the children went to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Apple sat on the edge of the pantry shelf—and waited.

Soon they heard a creak on the stair—then another.

It was Peter in his white pajamas! He tiptoed slowly across the kitchen.

Clink went a penny into the bank. Then: *Clink, clink, clink . . .* up to ten.

Mrs. Apple turned on the kitchen light. "Peter," she said. "You have some explaining to do."

Peter turned, blinking and frowning. "You told us . . ." he said. "You told us we had to put in a penny every time we. . . ."

"Peter Apple," said his mother. "Don't tell me you've left ten pieces of clothing un-put-away for the past three nights!"

"Well . . .," said Peter, looking down to the floor, "this is for all of us."

"We'll find out about this," said Father Apple.

UPSTAIRS Melissa, Christopher, Christine, and Jolly Joe were all sitting straight up in their beds.

"You'll see," they cried. "You'll see!"

Peter Apple lifted the cover of his bed. There sat five pairs of shoes in a row!

"Everybody knows shoes don't belong under a bed," said Peter. "Look! Ten shoes. That's ten pennies."

Suddenly from Christine's bed came a soft sobbing. All the other Apples crowded around her, for if one Apple is unhappy, something must be done about it.

"What is it, Christine?" asked Mrs. Apple.

"You've spoiled everything," Christine sobbed.

"How can we un-spoil it, Christine?" asked Mr. Apple.

"Children," said Mrs. Apple. "Tell us at once. How can we un-spoil things?"

"All right," said Peter Apple. "You must pretend that tonight never happened. You didn't see me put pennies into the bank. You didn't see the shoes under my bed."

"Forget it—forever?" asked Mr. Apple.

"Well, not exactly *forever*," said Peter. "Let's say . . . until the end of the week."

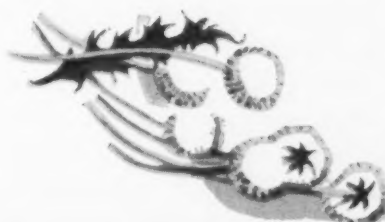
"We'll forget it, Peter," said Mr. Apple.

"It never happened?" Melissa asked.

"Children," said Mr. Apple. "This night never happened. Now, off to sleep at once, everyone!"

And that is how, at the end of the week, Mrs. Apple suddenly discovered there was enough money for the red dress with buttons down the front, and a white collar, and a daisy on the pocket.

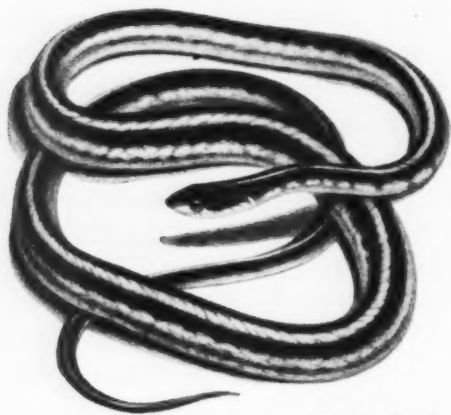
Enough money? Well, nearly enough. Father Apple made up the difference, for he had a remarkably good day at the market that week.



Flower Baskets

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.—JRCers at Central School have found a sure way to gladden oldsters at county home. The baskets are made from cheese containers covered with colored foil in basket-weave designs. Handles are heavy-duty pipe cleaners held in place by nylon net. Artificial flowers complete job.





Garter Snake

SOMETHING ABOUT SNAKES

by WILL BARKER

Illustrated by Carl Burger

Do you know what snake is the first to appear in the spring? And which is the last to hibernate in the fall? If you name only one North American snake you will have the answers to both questions, for this snake is both the first and the last.

Perhaps these clues will help you to guess which snake this one is. Its color may be green, olive-green, somewhat brown, or blackish. It has stripes or dots, and seldom grows much longer than 30 inches. It is the most numerous, the most frequently seen, and the most widely distributed, living in every state and in the provinces of southern Canada.

By now you probably know that the snake first to appear and last to disappear is the garter snake. It is one of more than 90 species of harmless snakes in North America. The harmless snakes, our 19 dangerous snakes, and certain other animals belong in a class in the animal kingdom known as "reptiles."

Many years ago—205 to 135 million years to be exact—reptiles were the most numerous of all the world's creatures. They were animals of the air, the water, and the land. But in our age only a few are left. Fortunately, among those left on this continent the number of harmless snakes is much greater than the number that are dangerous.

A snake may be defined as a legless reptile that has a backbone and a body covered by scales. In addition to serving as a body covering, certain scales also serve the animal in another way. The large ones on the belly are used by a snake to walk.

Each of these large scales is attached by a small muscle to the free end of a rib. By exerting pressure a snake makes a scale rise. Then it moves forward with the gliding motion that we are all familiar with. In order to travel about, a snake has to have fairly rough

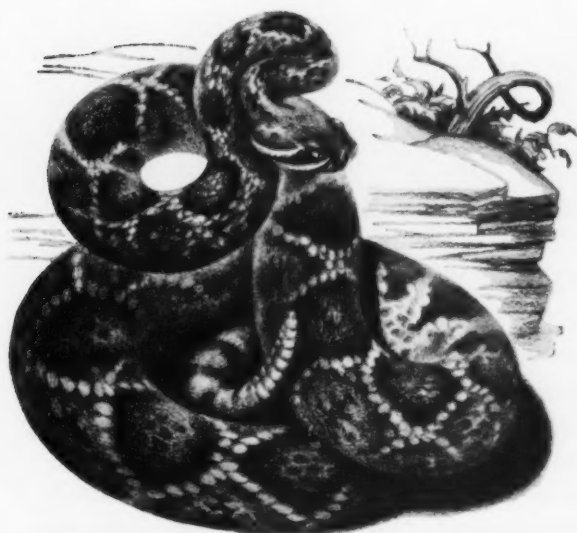


ground. On a really smooth surface, it is unable to move at all.

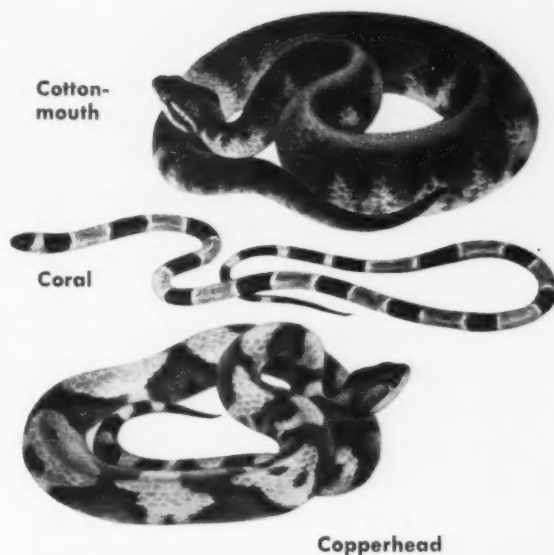
Our fastest-moving snake is the whip snake. When this species hunts it travels at the rate of about a quarter of a mile an hour. Its ordinary speed is a little more than three miles an hour. A snake usually escapes enemies by slithering away into underbrush. Unfortunately, a great many do not get away and are killed by people who believe that all snakes are bad.

A GREAT MANY SNAKES ARE THE FRIENDS OF MAN. This is because they are the foes of rats, mice, and such injurious insects as grasshoppers and crickets. One of our most valuable snakes is the king snake. It gets rid of quantities of grain-destroying mice. The prairie species of king snake has been known to eat as many as eight mice at one time.

Destruction of so many mice at one feeding makes the king snake invaluable to farmers. The number of field mice that can come from a single pair within a year is tremendous. If all the succeeding generations produce litters and there are no checks, the number of mice originating with one mouse would amount to more than a million in a year.



Rattlesnake



Cottonmouth

Coral

Copperhead

Another beneficial snake is the bull snake. It is found from coast to coast, and its value to the farmer is estimated at \$3.75 a year, because it kills rodents that would spoil or destroy grain or other crops valued at this amount. Then there's the pilot black snake, whose presence around a chicken house usually indicates that rats and mice are numerous. The appearance of the pilot black snake in a neighborhood should be welcomed, for it means that a natural control of rodents has arrived on the scene. A third snake of value is the bright-scaled corn snake. This easily tamed species preys on rats and mice in the fields in which these pests forage for ripening grain. And many other snakes, including some of the poisonous ones, are destroyers of disease-carrying rodents and those that spoil crops and stored foods and grains.

A snake feeds on live prey and locates food by sighting it with eyes that have needle-sharp vision. These eyes are peculiar. No lids close over them, though they are protected by hard eyecaps that have the appearance of plastic. Yellow eye lenses sharpen the snake's vision by filtering out ultraviolet rays.

SOMETHING ABOUT SNAKES

continued

A SENSE OF SMELL also aids a snake in finding prey. The forked tongue tips are the means whereby a snake smells. They pick up minute particles from the animal's surroundings. Then when the darting tongue is withdrawn, the tips are brushed against little pits in the roof of the mouth. Known as Jacobson's organs, these pits are lined with sensory cells. In this way the snake identifies a scent and knows what kind of environment it is in.

The animal on which the snake is to feed is killed either by constricting (squeezing) or by injecting poison. The beneficial king snake is a species that kills by constricting. The snake holds its prey down with a coil of the body. This stops the heart action. The poisonous snakes—rattlers, moccasins, and coral snakes—kill by injecting venom. This is contained in glands in the sides of the head behind the ears. No snake, however, stings or bites with its tongue or its tail.

Though less than 100 people are reported bitten by poisonous snakes each year, it is well to know what to do in case anyone is. The American Red Cross First Aid Textbook tells you what to do if this happens.

A snake eats by drawing itself over its prey. An elastic throat and a complicated arrangement of jaw muscles and bones let the snake open its mouth wide. Strong gastric juices aid the animal in digesting its meals. These are infrequent; in fact a snake often goes for months without eating.

Among snakes there are two kinds of birth. Most species hatch from eggs, but there are some that are born alive. One of those whose young are born alive is the garter snake. Sometimes there are as many as 78 snakelets in a litter of this species. The majority in any garter-snake litter do not survive the first few weeks following birth. But a captive garter snake has lived as long as 11 years.

All during its life a garter snake, like other snakes, has to shed its skin because, while the snake itself grows, the skin does not.

The manner in which the skin-shedding is accomplished is fascinating. While a new skin growth occurs underneath, the old outer skin loosens. About 10 days before the actual shedding takes place, the eyes become so clouded that the snake is blind. But when skin-changing time is at hand, the eyes clear, and the snake regains its usual sharp vision.

The first spot at which the skin becomes really loose is on the head. Then the snake literally crawls out of its skin by catching it on stones or brush. It emerges gleaming and bright.

All summer long a snake sheds its skin at about intervals of six weeks. But as soon as any species hibernates, changes of skin no longer occur.

SNAKES IN NORTHERN CLIMATES have to hibernate. They have no body temperatures of their own. As a result they are dependent upon the temperature of the surrounding air. As soon as the daily temperatures are lower than 50° F., the snakes seek safe places in which to hibernate.

Last of all to settle down for the winter, as we know, is the garter snake. Sometimes it seems as if this species is reluctant to quit the world. If the weather is warm and windless, the garter snake stays above ground to bask in the sun. But as the nights become cooler, the animal finds it less and less easy to uncoil. Its muscles are stiff. Finally it has to go below ground.

It may crawl into a crack among the rocks on the south side of a hill. Or it may tunnel under the rocks if the earth is soft. If it is to survive the winter, the hibernating spot has to be three or more feet below frost line. And there it will lie, safe and sound, until spring signals that for our earliest-appearing snake it is time to come out. ♦ ♦ ♦



TRIGGER

by DENA REED

Roy Rogers' favorite animal is a horse, so long as his name is "Trigger."

You can't think of your favorite and most famous cowboy, Roy Rogers, without thinking of his equally famous partner, his white palomino stallion, Trigger. Of all animals, the horse is one of the smartest, and of his breed, Trigger is in a class by himself. Why not! The "King of the Cowboys" should indeed ride the king of equines, and both Trigger and Roy find the partnership a wonderful sharing of fun and adventure.

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for Trigger," Roy said. "Not just because he's smart, but because he's one of the most loyal friends a man could have."

Trigger weighs 1,050 pounds and stands 16 hands high. His ancestors were a quarter-mare and a Morgan. The latter is a trotter, originating in Vermont. The quarter-horse is used on Western ranches to round up cattle. Palominos used to be ridden only by

royalty—which makes it all right for the “King of the Cowboys” to ride one, doesn’t it!

Trigger is a beautiful cream-color with a heavy white mane and tail. But when Roy first saw him he was far from beautiful.

It was back in 1939 when Roy, just starting out, longed to own his own colt and was looking them over in Santa Susanna, California. When Roy saw the sorry, scrawny, mangy-looking little colt looking lovingly at him, Roy’s heart melted and it was a case of love at first sight on both their parts. Roy paid out \$250, all his savings, as a first installment for the pony and another \$200 later. Roy named him “Trigger” because he was fast as a trigger at obeying commands when Roy started to train him.

Trigger got plenty of tender loving care from his master—and he needed it. He thrived on it, too, and soon his health, muscles, and tone began to improve. Each day, for several hours, Roy put Trigger on a guide rope and led him in a circle in heavy sand. After his health and confidence were built up, Roy began to teach him tricks.

The first trick Trigger learned was how to take a bow. Roy had to laugh at that because the colt didn’t know how to do anything to take a bow for! But he seemed to be a born actor and a fast learner. Before long he could kneel, turn right and left, rear on his hind

legs, bite the dust, turn a jump-rope, and race a stage-coach.

Through love, kindness, and patience on Roy’s part, Trigger soon had a “repertoire” of over sixty tricks, for he took to training naturally and seemed almost human in his understanding of every word.

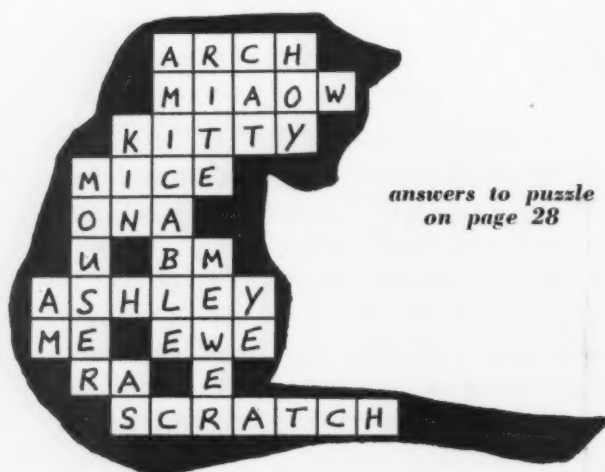
Today Trigger can dance, open and close doors, box, fire a gun by pulling a kerchief tied to the trigger, count to twenty, and pick a gun out of a holster with his teeth.

Trigger is a true movie and TV star in every sense of the word. In pictures, he had his own contract which called for at least three “close-ups” in every film, an important part in the development of the plot, and his name in big print on the advertisements. He always has co-star billing with Roy and his salary “ain’t hay,” as the saying goes—it’s a lot of good American dollars. Of course he gets plenty of hay, too, and top-grade oats, as well as assorted tidbits like carrots and sugar from his fans. He has his very own fan club, and children all over the world write to him. He travels in an airconditioned trailer and his chauffeur is none other than Roy himself.

Once a month Trigger gets brand-new shoes, and he has specially constructed rubber ones to protect his feet when he appears in parades on paved streets. He’s vaccinated and given regular foot-and-mouth care to keep him in the best of health.

Trigger is a favorite of kids of all countries, and he loves them all. Although he is busy in rodeos, TV, and special appearances, the horse visits hospitals regularly, cheering up sick children by his tricks. He has even learned to push a wheel chair! Many a sick boy and girl has taken his medicine and got well, or gone through an operation bravely, because Roy promised him a ride on Trigger when he got well. And always Roy and Trigger keep these promises.

Like every other Hollywood star, Trigger sells government bonds and during the war



answers to puzzle
on page 28

he gave more than his "bit." He raised a fortune in bonds, fats, and scrap by appearing at both night and day rallies without so much as a whimper. Wherever he went, the house was jammed to the rafters. He appeared in rodeos, auditoriums, plants, and even in the big Chrysler building in New York City. And he visited many vets in hospitals and soldiers in training camps.

Another way Trigger served his country was to take the same famous ride that Paul Revere's horse took. During the entire 15-mile-run from Concord to Boston, kids and grownups were lined up, cheering him every inch of the way and giving their pledges to buy bonds in his name. Like the famous patriot he is, Trigger enjoyed every minute of it!

Roy has had many close calls with Trigger,

but the horse always brings him through to safety and has himself come through all right. Once when Roy was driving the trailer, they hit a stone which loosened the trailer and it rolled down a hill. Roy jumped out, his heart in his mouth, for the trailer was lying on its side and Trigger was lying motionless.

Roy summoned help to rush Trigger to a hospital. But suddenly the horse jumped up and shook himself—he was, Roy was happy to see, just fine! Trigger had thought it was just part of a movie and had "played dead!" Roy was never so happy about anything in his life as he was to be given this "horse laugh" by his pal.

If you think that Trigger is just about the smartest horse on four legs, you wouldn't be far wrong. And Roy would be the very first one to agree with you!

Trigger considers while Roy gives him the lowdown about their next show.



DANISH RED CROSS HEALTH POSTERS

The eye-catching posters we show here are from a group of ten that the Danish Red Cross published to help children live healthily. The Danish Red Cross has been a leader in health service for many years. For example, it has actively promoted the Holger-Nielsen method of artificial respiration, which was developed in Denmark and is the basis for the method used by the American Red Cross.

Ud af sengen - tidligt om
morgenvask fra



In the morning
have a wash from

One takes her time and shines like a sun;
the other is late and has to run.



A microbe-spreader here you see;
locked up he surely ought to be.



Ideligt op -
k fra tå til top!



morning out of bed,
wash from toe to head.

Stop lidt, min ven - før du videre går,
trænger du vist til kam til dit hår!



Before you can get over there
you have to stop and comb your hair.

Decaying teeth are an evil;
the toothbrush keeps away the devil.



After a day of labor and speed,
eleven hours' rest you need.





MUD-HEAD, A KACHINA

by MADGE HALE McKELLAR

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

How the Hopi Indians found out the Kachinas' secret.

Mud-head himself

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN! For three days it had rained constantly, keeping Margaret indoors. It seemed to her she had never seen the sun. Margaret lived in the city and had come to spend her vacation with her grandparents on their big ranch. Grandmother had almost run out of ideas to keep her small visitor amused indoors—almost but not quite, for she had one last plan.

"Margaret, let's go see what we can find in the attic," said Grandmother. The attic was very large and low and gloomy on account of the rain but when Grandmother switched on the lights, the room turned into an exciting treasure trove. In one corner was an old spinning wheel and nearby stood an old trunk with a rounded top. The trunk was the plan Grandmother had in mind.

"Come here, Dear, and let's see what is in this trunk. I haven't opened it for years."

Margaret sat down on a little stool as her Grandmother raised the lid. Soon Grandmother found a small box, which she held for a moment, then slowly opened for Margaret to see inside. The child was disappointed for she saw nothing in it but a small, ugly wooden doll. At least it looked as if it might belong to the doll family. "What is that thing?" she asked. "That *thing*," answered

her grandmother, "is a Kachina. Come and sit on my lap, and I'll tell you all about it."

"This Kachina was given to me by an Indian chief," she began, "when I was just your age. My parents had taken me on a trip through Arizona where we saw many Indians. In one village we met an Indian chief and his family. It was he who gave me this doll. I remember he said he wanted me to have it because I was such a polite little girl."

"But what *is* a Kachina, Grandmother? Tell me about it." By this time Margaret was really interested.

"ONCE UPON A TIME . . ." began Grandmother. "All fairy stories start that way, and a Kachina is a sort of a fairy. Well, once upon a time the Hopi Indians lived on a mesa or flat land near the San Francisco Mountain Peaks in northern Arizona. The mountains were always snow-covered and served as a landmark to the Hopis.

"For years everything had gone well. There was plenty of cool water to drink and food was easily grown. But there came a year when the rains didn't come and the grain failed to ripen. There was little food or water. Children who had never before known hunger went to bed supperless and thirsty. The Indians prayed to their gods for help. 'Don't let our little ones die,' they begged.

"Then one morning it happened. The young Indian girls had risen early as always to prepare the first meal of the day. They went silently toward the grinding stones for there was such a little bit of corn left to grind. Always before they had sung happy songs as

they performed this task, but not now. Silently they came to the stones and gazed at the corn baskets in front of them, but they could not believe their own eyes. Together they turned and ran swiftly back to the village. 'Quickly, come see,' they called, 'come see what the gods have sent!' The Indians ran to the place of the corn and saw the baskets filled to overflowing with corn and ollas (jugs) full of fresh, cool water. But there was no one in sight. The Hopis watched all day, hoping to catch sight of their unknown friends who had brought them corn and water, but they saw no one. That night more food and water came and for many more nights. Although the Indians watched carefully they could never see anyone. One moment there was nothing and the next, there were the filled baskets and ollas.

"ONE DAY they saw some strange creatures on the rocks not far from the village, but when the Indians approached, the creatures vanished in the direction of the San Francisco Peaks. Finally the priests sent one of their fastest-running young braves to find these strange people, if they were people. He ran until he came to the mountain and

climbed the rocky side until he reached the top. He called out, and an unseen voice answered, telling him to come into the kiva or round ceremonial room. 'Why have you come here?' called the unseen voice. 'To find those who have brought food and water to our people and saved their lives,' answered the young brave. 'My people would show their thanks and have sent me here.'

"Then a strange being came into sight. It was something like a man but had a black face and a huge snout like a pig. When the creature opened its mouth to talk the boy could see two even rows of large, white teeth. Then it made a loud sound. It was the same as had been heard by the Indians, and the boy knew that at last he had found their friend. The boy had brought with him many *pahos* or prayer sticks with feathers attached, as



A strange being appeared.

thank-you gifts. These he gave to the strange being. 'Thank you,' it said, 'I am Chaveyo, the Kachina. My people are immortal spirits and are sent here to help our Earth Brothers.' Then he told the boy how they could take on various forms and how they could become clouds and send rain to make the crops grow if the earth people would pray to them.

"For many years after that the Kachinas were friends of the Hopis, bringing food and sending rain. Then, suddenly, they stopped coming. What had happened? The Indians believed that in some unknown way they must have offended their god-like friends and tried every way they could think of to induce them to return to the village. But the Kachinas were never seen again.

"So the Hopis decided to dress like the Kachinas when dances were held, hoping that in that way they could persuade their friends to return. Masks and costumes were used, new ones were continually designed, and finally there were over a hundred different Kachinas. The ceremonial dances were, and still are, held from the 21st of December until the middle of July, when the 'Niman Kachina' dance is held. This is called 'The Going Home of the Kachinas.' Sometimes the white man was invited to attend, and so it is today.

"THE KACHINAS represent many things to the Indian children. To them they are the same as Santa Claus or the fairies, and like fairies there are both good and bad. The good Kachinas bring toys and gifts to the Indian children, and the bad ones bring trouble and unhappiness. The Hopi fathers learned how to make dolls to look like the various Kachinas. Taking the root of a cottonwood that has been well soaked in water, they shape it with a knife and file, then cut out and attach the nose, ears and other parts. Finally they paint them with vegetable dyes and often attach feathers. Some Kachinas are sold in stores, but those that are given to young

Indian girls are never sold nor do the girls ever give them away. They are kept as something very special and are looked at over and over. The Hopi girl can tell by looking at a Kachina what it represents and the story connected with it."

Margaret had been very still during her grandmother's story. Then she asked, "How many kinds of dolls are there? Are they all boy dolls or are there girl dolls, too?"

"No one knows for sure, Dear," answered Grandmother, "just how many kinds of Kachina dolls there are today. Some say two or three hundred. No two are ever exactly alike, and each has its own story and purpose. Most are boy dolls, but there are some called 'Kachin-manas.' These are the girl dolls and are mostly dressed alike. Once in a while, girls dressed as 'Kachin-manas' are allowed to take part in the dances, although they are mostly for the men and boys."

MARGARET TOOK THE DOLL from her grandmother and examined it carefully. "What is the name of your Kachina, and is it a girl or a boy doll?" she asked. "His name is 'Mud-Head,' Dear, and he is a boy Kachina. Don't ask me why he is so named. I do not know except that he is mud-colored and that is the name given him by the Hopis long ago. The chief who gave him to me has been gone many years, but I remember him very well. Some day Mud-Head will be yours, and I want you to take good care of him and love him as I have. Remember what I have told you about the first Kachinas and how they came to earth."

Suddenly Grandmother turned and looked out the window. "Look, Dear, it has stopped raining and the sun is breaking through the clouds. We had better go see if the little chickens are all right." Reluctantly Margaret placed Mud-Head back in the little box and in the trunk. Grandmother closed the lid, and the two went hand in hand down the steps and out into the sunshine. ▲▲▲

A PAIR OF PINK SCISSORS

by Catherine Blanton

Tony was all "locked-up" inside himself, until the right key was finally found to "unlock" him.

"TONY has done it again, Miss Kerr," said Helen, shaking her long pony tail. "This time he has broken the blue vase in the pretty place."

Helen had been so glad to get the job of helping in the kindergarten of Neighborhood House. It made her feel more grownup than just being a baby-sitter.

"If you ask me, I think he's just a spoiled, bad boy," said Helen.

"Oh no, no," cried the teacher, hurrying toward the kindergarten room. "Tony isn't bad. It's only that he's so locked up inside himself. If we could just find the key to unlock him . . ."

Helen shook her pony tail again. If there was a key to unlock Tony Savino, she would like to know what it was.

Miss Kerr continued, "We can't tell Tony we love him, because he can't hear. And he can't make known to us what he's feeling or wanting because he can't talk. So, he takes his frustration out in being naughty. We have to be very loving and very, very patient with him, Helen."

"But how can you be loving with him?" she demanded. "He won't even let you put your arm around him."

The teacher, with Helen close on her heels, hurried over to the wide window seat. Each day it was arranged differently, and the children had come to call it the "pretty place." Now it was a sodden mess.

Ten children, their play forgotten, were ominously silent. In the puddle of water running onto the floor sat the sullen Tony, his fingers clenched in tight fists.

Miss Kerr's smile touched the face of each



The other children stared silently at Tony and the flowers scattered on the floor. Tony sat defiantly with his fists clenched. Helen sighed sadly.

child, then came to rest on Tony's. "We're sorry you broke the pretty vase," she said, pronouncing the words slowly. "But we know you didn't mean to do it. Now, Helen, run get some cloths and together we'll clean it up."

There was happy babbling from the boys and girls as they crowded around Miss Kerr. But only blankness from Tony.

"We can't mend the blue vase. But we can put the flowers in something else. Here, Johnny and Lupe. Don't you want to help? Give Tony a rag, too, Helen."

"He wouldn't help set the table at noon, Miss Kerr, and I don't think he will do this."

"Give it to him anyway, Helen. We can't give up. We must keep on until we find something."

HELEN, kneeling, handed Tony the white cloth. Then, using her lips in the way Miss Kerr did, she begged the little boy to help. When he did not move, she repeated it. She repeated it again, getting louder and louder.

"Please, Helen, it does no good to yell. And it frightens the other children, too. You know, the doctor said Tony could hear nothing, no matter how loudly we talk. When he gets older he will learn to read lips, but until then we can only love him and hope he understands."

Helen's shoulders under her blue blouse were straight and so were her lips. "I don't think he wants to understand or to be loved either," she said.

"Oh yes, he does," replied Miss Kerr. "We have to remember to be patient. Someday there will be a key."

Helen nodded, but she was not convinced. It was all very good for Miss Kerr to talk about loving him and finding a key, but she thought Tony Savino was hopeless. She had done everything she knew to do and still he remained the same.

Yet, she didn't give up. At night she talked about him to her grandmother, and in the

day she gave him special attention.

When 6 weeks had gone by Miss Kerr said, "Thank you for being so good and patient with Tony, Helen. You have tried very hard."

"Maybe, Miss Kerr. But it doesn't seem to make any difference. Yesterday he broke Lupe's favorite doll."

"I know. And at lunch he threw his glass of milk on the floor."

And then Helen said, "Did you know I'll have a birthday next week?"

"Why no, Helen. Let's see, you'll be—thirteen?"

"That's right. My grandmother thinks working here has helped me grow up a lot."

"Of course it has. And you know what I'm going to suggest—that the kindergarten children have a birthday party for you."

"Oh, Miss Kerr," exclaimed Helen. "I think the children will get a bang out of that and I will, too."

"We'll let them make little invitations and invite their mothers. I'll buy a cake and get some ice cream. The children always love having a party."

HELEN worked hard, helping the kindergarten boys and girls make their invitations. They were proud of them when they were finished and held them up for Miss Kerr to see. Tony never finished his, but tore up the paper and threw the crayons on the floor.

It made Helen want to cry. "If there is a key to unlock him, I wish we could find it soon," she said. "He seems to get worse."

"Poor little boy, and he is really such a sweet child. Someday—surely we'll find something."

On the day of the party most of the children came bringing a little package for Helen. They thought she should open them right away. But Miss Kerr said she must wait until they cut the cake in the afternoon.

Finally the time came for the making of a wish and the blowing out of the candles.

Helen thought hard and then she knew what to wish. She wished she could find a key to unlock Tony. She blew hard. All the candles went out.

"Now," said Miss Kerr, after the cake and ice cream had been eaten, "let's watch while Helen opens her presents."

The mothers sat close too. They were al-

She laid down the scissors to fold more paper. Suddenly Tony grabbed them up. He reached for the paper.

"No, Tony," said Helen "Let me have them. See, I'll make something else."

But Tony's hand clung to the scissors.

His mother hurried over to him. "He is a bad, bad boy."

Illustrated by Gloria Kamen



Tony was the only one who didn't cheer. Instead, he grabbed up the pair of scissors.

most as interested as the children. There were handkerchiefs, a bottle of perfume, some notepaper, and several other things. Finally only one box remained.

Helen broke the string, tore off the paper. Out fell a little pair of scissors.

"OH, HOW PRETTY," she cried, holding them up for everyone to see. They were like any other pair of blunt scissors except that these had pink handles.

"Oh, no, no, no," exclaimed Tony's mother. "I do not understand. I think the party it is for Suzanna. I do not know it is for a beeg girl like Mees Helen."

"But they are pretty," said Helen. "Here, watch me, boys and girls."

Carefully she folded paper and then began cutting. When she had finished she held up a string of paper dolls. She made them dance. The children clapped their hands. They begged for more.

Miss Kerr in a quiet way said, "Give him the paper, Helen. Let him see what he can do."

Tony, working very hard, cut and cut. When he was through there were only bits of paper. But this time Tony didn't get mad. He didn't throw down the scissors, or stamp his foot. Instead, he reached for more paper.

"Here," said Helen, "I'll help you."

The room was very quiet. The mothers and children watched while Helen's hand guided that of Tony's. It wasn't a real good string of dolls, but you could tell what it was. And Tony smiled.

He showed it to his mother. He showed it to Miss Kerr. Proudly he laid it on Helen's lap. She put her arm around him.

"Do you think this may be the key?" asked Helen, holding up the scissors.

"Yes," replied Miss Kerr. "A pair of pink scissors, a piece of paper, and love."

JRCers know that there is no end to the things that need doing for others, and they are busy all over the country keeping up. Here we see some of the many ways in which they are helping. . .



BOSTON, MASS.—Martin School JRCers make a correspondence album to send to distant children.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Karen Olson and Jack Rarick, Hale School, weave tray mats for hospital.



Peter Marcus photo

We Can



N. AGAWAM, MASS.—Helping tell JRC

Help



story at Katherine G. Danahy School.

U. S. Army photo



FT. MONROE, VA.—Kathleen Marnane and James Snowden, Fort Monroe Elementary School, take gifts to patient in U.S. Army Hospital.



WASHINGTON, D.C.—Group of Shadd School JRCs puts together scrapbook for children in hospital.

Spring Studio photo



AURORA, ILL.—Charlotte Perry and Peter Jouannet, Nancy Hill School, bring toys for JRC sale.

The Walking Game

by Louella K. Brammer

Illustrated by Robert Nicholson

How good a guesser are you? When Jerry and Susan went walking with Grandpa, they found the first sign of spring. What do you suppose it was? Guess first, then see how good you are at guessing.

JERRY AND SUSAN hurried to the front door.

Taking a walk with Grandpa was such fun. You didn't just walk up one street and down another. You played a game and looked for something. Sometimes it was a brown dog with a white patch over his left eye, or three silver sapling trees growing in a row, or a red-headed woodpecker.

"We'll look for the first sign of spring today," said Grandpa, standing in the doorway sniffing the balmy breeze.

"Oh, that's too easy," cried Jerry. "Everybody knows about spring. Let's make it something hard. It's more fun."

"I suppose you'd like to look for a two-legged centipede," said Grandpa

"Is he the first sign of spring, Grandpa?"



chuckling.

Jerry shook his head while Susan shuddered.

"Maybe Grandpa's idea of spring is different from other people's," suggested Susan, taking Grandpa's hand and starting off down the street.

"Maybe you're right," agreed Grandpa with a twinkle in his eye.

Jerry gave a jump and bounded ahead of them. "I know," he said. "Grandpa saw Mrs. Bellamy's yellow forsythia bush when we were hunting four-leaf clovers yesterday."

He ran along the street and stood in front of the little white house. "Here it is!" he cried, pointing to the large flowering bush. "I told you it was going to be easy."

"That is certainly one sign of spring," said Grandpa, stopping to admire the bright yellow blossoms. "But it isn't what I looked for when I was a boy. And here's a clue," he added. "You don't need to look for space ships or Sputniks."

A moment later, Susan stooped to pick a violet from beside the walk. "If that was a clue, Grandpa, was it a sweet little violet? There have always been violets."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't have noticed them," said Grandpa. "It takes a little girl to notice such things."

Susan handed him the violet and Grandpa stuck it in the buttonhole of his blue suit.

AT THE END of the second block, Jerry almost stepped on a turtle slowly making its way across the street. Stooping down to watch it, Jerry said, "Turtles hibernate like bears in the wintertime, and I know you had one, Grandpa. Was that your first sign of spring, when your turtle came out?"

"No," said Grandpa. "What I looked for appeared well above the ground. And that's another clue."

They walked on. Suddenly Susan turned and, putting her finger to her lips, motioned Grandpa and Jerry to stop. A robin was busy

pulling on an old piece of string from the brush pile. They waited until, with a final tug, he pulled it loose and went winging off, the string trailing out behind him.

"A nest!" cried Susan. "That's always up high. Mr. Robin is building a nest for Mrs. Robin up under the eaves of the house next door. Pretty soon there will be four blue eggs in it."

"Why four eggs?" asked Jerry.

"Because we learned in school, there are nearly always four." Then turning to Grandpa, she said, "And it does always happen in the spring, Grandpa?"

"Yes, but that isn't what I had in mind, though Mr. Robin did furnish you with another good clue," said Grandpa, sitting down beside Jerry, who had sprawled on the steps of the corner house.

"I'm tired," Jerry said. "But I can still think of a lot of other things."

"Like what?" asked Grandpa.

"Oh, like jonquils and pussy willows and ants and. . ."

Grandpa shook his head. "Want to give up?" he asked.

JERRY stood up. "Of course not. But as soon as I guess what it is, I'm going home to get out my kite and get it up before this breeze dies down. I haven't had it up since last spring."

"May I help?" asked Susan.

"Sure . . ." Jerry stopped and looked at Grandpa. He was sitting there on the steps chuckling so hard, he shook all over."

"Why that's it!" cried Jerry. "A kite! The first sign of spring!"

"You're right," said Grandpa. "And it's been every boy's first sign of spring since Benjamin Franklin flew his kite and discovered electricity. And if you haven't learned about that in school yet, you will." Grandpa rose and dusted off his pants. "Let's go home and get that kite up so EVERYBODY can see it's spring."

♦ ♦ ♦



Garfield School JRCers gather around with the puppets they have just completed.

Fun To Make—Joy To Give

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

Marcia Mihalko, JRCer in Garfield School, Bridgeport, tells about the fun her school had when they put on a puppet show for a purpose.

Our final JRC Council activity last year was a puppet show, after which we presented the puppet dolls to the Kennedy Center for Mentally Retarded Children.

The Council got its inspiration for making the dolls from the school's first grade class, which the year before had put on its own show at Hillside Home and Hospital, a city institution.

Our Council's puppet program received wonderful cooperation from the entire school. Everyone gave generously of his time and talents to make the puppet dolls come alive.

It was fun to gather the materials—cardboard tubes, newspapers, paper towels, cot-

ton remnants, and such. After weeks of working together in class and after school, we had finished 19 beautiful puppets. But we didn't stop there—our puppet people needed a house and our puppet animals a barn. These we constructed from cardboard boxes.

Under guidance of our teacher-sponsor, the Council wrote an original introduction. The story was told as each colorful puppet was presented to the children at the Center, who laughed and clapped the make-believe actors.

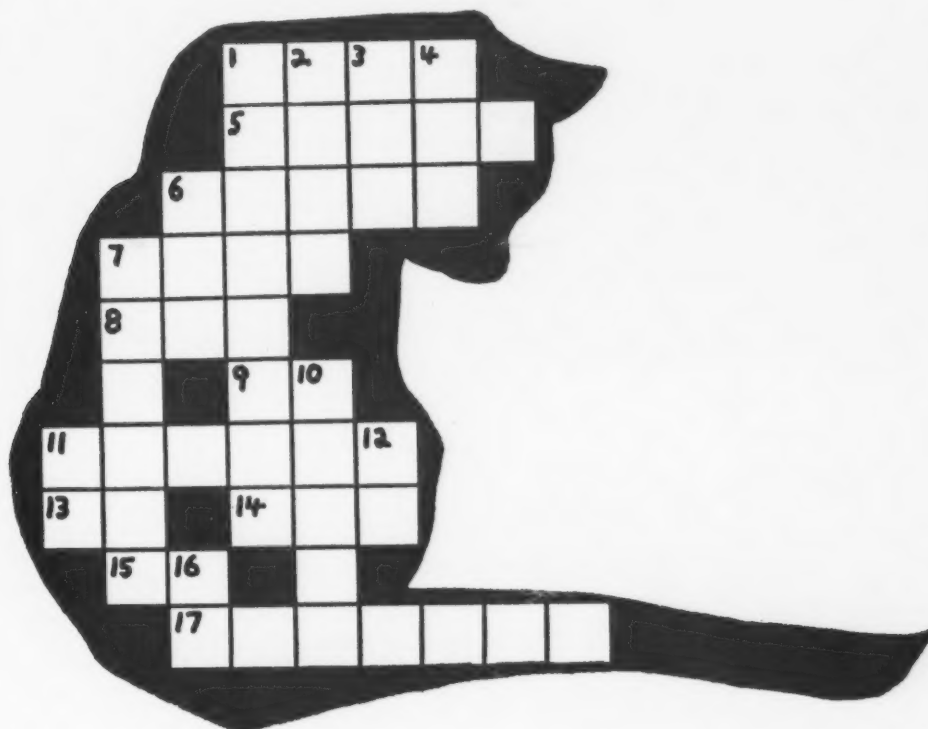
We all felt so happy that we could be of service to these children, less fortunate than ourselves. The puppet project, which worked out so well as a school enterprise, made us realize that much pleasure can be given to others if all of us would only make the small sacrifices necessary to carry a project through.

CAT'S MIAOW

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by Boris Randolph

Some of the words in the following crossword puzzle relate to the picture shown. Find those words first and the rest of the puzzle should be easy.



ACROSS

1. Something this animal will do to its back when angered
5. The sound this animal makes
6. A pet name for this animal
7. What this animal goes after in a big way
8. A girl's name
9. A college degree in medicine
11. A boy's name
13. Myself
14. A female sheep
15. Egyptian sun god
17. What this animal can leave on you with one of its claws

DOWN

1. Friendly
2. A religious ceremony
3. The name of this animal
4. An exclamation calling attention
6. One's relatives
7. Another name for this animal
10. What this animal is according to its voice
11. Exist
12. You
16. Like



BIRDS' UMBRELLAS

Words by Louise Hanley
Music by Mildred Barnes Royse

Quickly

mf

The sun is hot, But birds are not, For leaves are the birds' um-

bral-las, If rain-drops fall The moth-er birds call

"Run for your green um-bral-las. Why birds can't be un-hap-py is

plain when you look at a tree. Birds have fun in

rain or sun; The leaves are the birds' um-bral-las.

Illustrated by Jo F. Irwin

